

Burnt Cookies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25207381) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25207381>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	yeed my last haw writing this , Why? , make-out session , that's why , like... really spicy make-out session , don't worry though it's, sfw , I just wanted to challenge myself and put myself out of my comfort zone , good god I did that and then some , i hope i did justice , because idk how kissing works lmao , so much love to my friend Sam for helping me with this , check her out on wattpad , QueenOfFluff is her username , I owe her so much lmao , Making Out
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Try Not To Burst into Flames Challenges , Part 1 of Burnt Cookies Duology
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-11 Words: 4585

Burnt Cookies

by [QueenOfFluff](#), [Ship_On_The_Sea](#)

Summary

That moment when you and your best friend try baking cookies but the charged romantic tension between you two is too much...

(no cookies were harmed in the making of this fic)

Notes

So this started by my friend Simi showing me some rather,, spicy fanart, and then having another friend, Sam, egg me on for four hours to write another make-out scene since the fanart was making me want to try one out.

Hugest shout-out to Sam (QueenOfFluff on Wattpad) for helping me out, she gave me a lot of tips and ideas while writing this.

I drew a lot of inspiration from the fic "too hot (the kissing game)" by P1SSBABY, because the first time I read it I almost passed away. That's why I wanted to write this too, I thought "Hey, if I wrote something that detailed, how would it turn out?"

Anyways if you missed the tags, yeah, this contains some making-out, so if that makes you uncomfortable or it's not your thing I urge you not read this. Yes. The whole thing is

literally a makeout session. And yes. It took me 5 days to write this because my brain kept popping up error messages after I'd write one sentence.

BTW, this is basically the second round of "Try Not To Burst into Flames Challenge", but I thought "Burnt Cookies" was a funny title and it stuck lmao

If you're wondering, the two songs I played while listening to this was "Honey Whiskey" and "Itch", both by Nothing But Thieves, and was recommended to me by Sam. Again, tysm for helping me Sam, you basically planned out the whole fic for me ;w;

Anyways, hope you enjoy! Please try not to burst into flames like I did multiple times lmao

Edit: SAM GOT AN AO3 ACCOUNT LET'S GO!!! It's QueenOfFluff!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Does it say two or three eggs, Dream?”

“Just put the whole carton on the table, just in case we need to start over.” It was a pretty slow afternoon at Dream’s house, George staying over with him for the month and a half. It was currently the beginning of the third week, and the two of them had pretty much grown used to the new shared routine, although their sleep schedules were still skewered from George still sleeping based on London’s time and Dream from having aligned his sleep schedule to match George’s. It was slowly shifting back to what would be considered normal, however, slowly but surely.

Ten minutes prior the two were seated on the couch perfectly sized for two people to sit comfortably together, close but not too close. George had mentioned something about craving cookies and Dream had suggested pulling up a recipe and making some since they had all the right ingredients, and after looking at various recipes on their phones they finally found an easy one to follow, and quickly moved into the kitchen.

“I was going to make one of those horrible egg puns, but I can’t think of any right now,” George commented, placing the styrofoam carton onto the table as Dream slapped down two bags of white powder, one being sugar and the other flour.

“Are you *egging* me on to make one?” Dream casually replied, a shit-eating smirk gathering on his face after George realized what Dream had just done. George squinted at him, face feigning an unamused expression, Dream mirroring his expression in a mocking manner, and there it was, forming in the air again like it’s been doing ever since the British man landed in Florida, crackling like lightning preparing to strike.

They both knew why it was happening, aware of the energy, but were actively choosing to do nothing about it. The shyness of chasing after it and the fear of the consequences it was to bring kept both of them at bay. But the past few days had been increasingly stormy, and their fear and hesitation were slowly being eroded away.

Both of them looked away at the same time and returned to the current task at hand, the charge receding. Making cookie dough. Simple enough, right?

No, not when the two of them were tasked with it. The first hurdle was the fact Dream could not find, or more accurately, did not own any vanilla extract which was needed for their cookies, which led to the second hurdle of George trying to add more sugar because of the lack of vanilla extract.

“It’s going to taste bland if we don’t add more sugar!” George tried to reason, holding onto the large bag of sugar for dear life.

“The entire dough will be thrown off if you do that, though!” Dream argued, standing in front of George with his hands outstretched, looking prepared to jolt forward and grab that sugar at any moment. “Recipes call for certain measurements for a reason!”

“Yeah, but you don’t have the vanilla!” George shot back. “Why don’t you have it? Like, every person who’s ever baked on earth has at least some!”

George’s grip on the sugar had lightened some as he teased Dream, and the taller man took advantage of the moment and rushed forwards, grabbing the thick paper bag in a bellicose manner and attempting to yank it out of George’s hands.

George gasped roughly as Dream tried stealing the sugar, holding onto the bag tighter, and instead of Dream pulling the bag of sugar towards him, both George and the sugar were yanked towards his chest, the two of them bumping into the bag of sugar as they practically collided.

Like a wave, the energy crashed back into the room like the waves of an ocean, back from recession. The two of them felt it coat the room like a fog, and they could feel each other’s body heat radiating off from each other, the contact sending small jolts of electric fire through their veins. Dream watched George’s gaze shift from his eyes to his throat as he swallowed thickly.

“The sugar,” Dream demanded, voice an octave lower, the low volume creating a stark contrast to their earlier yelling, “Let go of it, George.”

Perhaps saying his name in that tone of voice while a dangerous charge surrounded them wasn’t the best idea, because a look of something crossed the Brit’s eyes as the atmosphere suddenly got more intense.

George’s hold on the bag of sugar weakened exponentially, and with one final tug Dream successfully snatched away the sugar and snapped the atmosphere apart like a rubber band extending too far as he laughed triumphantly and sat the bounty back on the table, George blinking rapidly a few times before reacting with a disappointed frown.

“The cookies will be fine, I promise,” Dream reassured, giving a small smile when George gave in, crossing his arms and rolling his eyes in doubt.

“Fine, whatever,” he muttered. Dream snorted, and picked up the bowl of dough he had been stirring with a wooden spoon before that fiasco.

George remained where he was, pouting, and Dream casually observed, his eyes lingering on his poked-out lip a few seconds too long before returning to the dough. It looked alright, but what about the taste?

“Hey George,” Dream began to offer as he looked up, his hand accidentally flinging the spoon upwards as well. As George looked towards Dream some of the dough flung from the spoon and hit him on the face, causing him to jump in surprise and Dream to begin wheezing, setting the bowl back down on the table. “Oh my god I didn’t mean to do that, I’m so sorry.”

“First you steal my sugar, and now you flick dough at me,” George playfully complained, acting as though he didn’t immediately accept Dream’s apology. “You are the worst baker I’ve ever met.” He grabbed a napkin that was in a small haphazard pile next to the edge of the table and began wiping at his face, getting most, but not all of the dough, off.

“You missed a little,” Dream commented when George balled up the napkin and tossed it back on the table to be thrown away later, Dream pointing to the corner of his mouth, “Right there.”

George wiped the wrong side of his mouth with the back of his hand. Snickering, Dream extended his right hand and gently cupped George’s jaw, using his thumb to slowly wipe off the remaining cookie dough, George freezing up and staring into Dream’s eyes.

Dream let his hand linger and his thumb slowly ghost across George’s bottom lip, and George’s gaze melted into fire, the heavying gaze flickering from Dream’s eyes to his lips. The energy from earlier had returned, but had grown sharply, and was almost suffocating as they held themselves back from pursuing what they desired.

Reluctantly, Dream pulled his hand away and wiped it across his pants to get rid of any dough, and the energy eased up enough for them to breath, but didn’t entirely leave.

“Thanks,” George choked out, and cleared his throat. Dream nodded in reply almost awkwardly, not entirely sure how to act after what had just occurred moments before.

“Yeah, no problem.” They fell silent for a moment, but the silence felt too tense for them to stay that way for long.

“Oh yeah, I wanted you to taste-test the cookie dough,” Dream suddenly spoke up, and grabbed the stirring spoon from the bowl. He held the spoon out to George like a popsicle, and George hesitantly wrapped his hand around the handle, hand resting just above Dream’s, sending thrills of fire up their arms from where their skin touched. George tilted the spoon towards his mouth and licked some of the dough off. The charged energy that had taken a backseat in the kitchen wasn’t helping Dream in this situation.

Neither was the fact George was staring dead into his eyes, or the fact he was taking his sweet time licking the dough off the spoon.

Dream felt his stomach lurch and was suddenly overcome with pure impulse, his eyes sliding from George’s gaze to his mouth. The energy, earlier acting as a wave, was now a tsunami made of lightning and fire, and it was too much for Dream to handle anymore.

As soon as the spoon left George’s mouth Dream was closing the distance between them within the blink of an eye, giving in to his impulsive desire and kissing George on the lips.

It only lasted a second or two, but it felt like a lifetime. George had been taken by surprise, and the feeling of warm, soft lips on his caused his brain to short circuit as he realized Dream was kissing him. Actually kissing him, and causing a sudden onslaught of warmth and pleasure to flip around in his stomach, butterflies turning into white-hot buzzing.

When Dream became hyperaware of the fact he was kissing George, he tried pulling away, scared that he just took it too far. He only was able to pull away a mere few inches before fear was slammed away by pure relief and pleasure after George grabbed a fistful of Dream’s shirt and pulled him back in, holding on to the fabric for dear life as he reconnected their lips, realizing that George and himself were wanting the exact same thing.

Dream pushed himself closer and deepened his kissing slightly, placing a hand on George’s side, and he heard the clattering of wood against tile as George’s other hand shot and grabbed his forearm, a small noise of surprise leaping from his throat. Dream was then suddenly aware that George was very inexperienced with making out, and was completely fine with that. He didn’t mind, or rather, actually preferred, leading their kisses.

Dream pushed himself even closer, kissing George's bottom lip and jutting his tongue out a little, only enough to run it along his lip. A shudder ran up George's spine as he exhaled shakily, and Dream found that he liked hearing that noise.

George began to blindly stumble back from Dream pressing too close, and he was mildly surprised when he felt his back bump into a countertop. Taking advantage of the furniture, the hand on George's side slid to wrap around his back as Dream leaned forward and kissed at the corner of George's mouth. Pinned, George couldn't step back anymore, and another involuntary shudder attacked him.

George tried to copy what Dream was doing, not knowing what he should be doing, and Dream noticed, a small amount of amusement bubbling underneath the whirlwind of emotions that were already present. George was overthinking this.

Kissing at his bottom lip again, Dream gently grazed his teeth against the sensitive skin, and pulled on it lightly. George relaxed with a deep inhale, and Dream knew he was triumphant, George's jaw going slack.

Dream deepened the kiss by opening his mouth and running his tongue along the inside of George's mouth. Suddenly, the hand at his forearm left only to reappear against Dream's back, pulling him closer almost aggressively, exhaling eagerly. Oh, it seemed that George really liked that.

Taking advantage of the fact George's mouth was currently open, Dream deepened their kiss as his tongue ventured further into George's mouth, and he suddenly tasted cookie dough as George immediately pulled Dream closer and their tongues met, Dream's stomach fluttering from the sudden contact. The butterflies were struck with lightning when George started to slide his tongue against Dream's, the fluttering plummeting and melting into molten pleasure, Dream's knees almost buckling as he grabbed onto George tighter and leaned in impossibly closer, causing George to begin leaning back against the counter.

Realizing that probably wasn't comfortable, Dream immediately came up with a plan, and George suddenly felt Dream lean back slightly, inhaling deeply. Rather abruptly, Dream bent down slightly and his hands dropped to the back of George's legs, and next thing George knew he was gripping Dream's shoulders as he was lifted and slid to sit on the top of the counter, and their kissing had resumed. A thrill shot up George's gut as he realized Dream did that to make George more comfortable, the thrill turning into an audible hum as Dream's arms wrapped around George again.

Rational consciousness slowly started to blur from George's mind as he came to realize that kissing Dream felt... good. Really good. Not having much experience in make-outs, he wasn't sure if it normally was supposed to feel this nice, or if it was because he was making out with Dream.

Another shaky exhale fell from his mouth as Dream dragged his tongue heavily over George's and gently nipped at his bottom lip. He began slowly leaning back on the counter as Dream leaned in further, pressed a hand flat against his back in order to help support him.

Dream wasn't uncomfortable leaning over the counter to make out with George, but he still found himself wanting to move them to a more comfortable spot. The arm he was holding George up with was starting to burn slightly too. Slowly withdrawing from the kiss, Dream gave one last pass over George's bottom lip with his tongue before separating their mouths and leaning over to speak quietly into his ear.

"Do you want to move to the couch?"

An involuntary shudder ran down George's entire body from how close, from how deep and gravelly, Dream's voice had been in his ear. He opened his eyes and was met with Dream looking back at him, licking his lips. The motion caught George's eyes, and his gaze lingered.

"Yes," was his quiet reply, voice almost cracking around the edges. There was no hesitation or doubt, no 'wait a minute, what are we doing', not an ounce of regret for stepping over the boundary lines of 'just friends'. He didn't care, he didn't want to stop whatever they were doing, because the emotions circulating through his system were new and strong and felt unbearably amazing.

George leaned forward and reconnected their lips, eyes fluttering shut, and at the same time Dream slid his hands onto George's knees, sliding under and grasping the underside of his legs, gently pulling him to sit on the edge of the countertop. Knowing what was about to happen, George slipped his arms around Dream's neck as he was hoisted into the air, carefully wrapping his legs around Dream's waist to help keep him from falling.

More focused on walking slowly and carefully to the couch than returning kisses, George quickly began to grow greedy, and taking a page from what Dream did to him earlier, he gingerly grabbed Dream's bottom lip between his teeth and pulled lightly, grazing the sensitive skin as he let go.

A noise between a grunt and groan was coaxed from Dream, the noise causing George to blush lightly, the hands on his legs twitching slightly. That was a reaction George wasn't expecting. But it did work. Dream stopped walking for a moment to kiss George almost roughly on the mouth, George eagerly kissing back, before he resumed the short walk. George took to continue kissing Dream, moving from his lips to the corner of his mouth, slowly moving towards his jawline.

Moments later George felt Dream bend down, and he was gently sat on one of the cushions of the couch, George's arms uncurling around Dream's neck to gently grab a hold of his shoulders, Dream immediately sitting down on his knee seconds later.

They looked into each other's eyes and were suddenly hit by an emotional realization, like someone taking a sack of bricks and swinging it at their heads.

It was the realization that they were finally here, in front of each other, able to touch and see their greatest desires acted out before their eyes. Out of all the people they could be doing this with, they got lucky enough to do with someone they love.

Happiness, pure and unfiltered, was poured into the concoction of emotions swirling within them, and they gave each other small smiles. Seeing each other smile sent another realization swinging at their heads.

That realization was that they found each other very, very attractive, which subsequently smothered the happiness with the emotions that had been before it but rejuvenated, causing their smiles to drop the smallest fraction as they leaned into each other and started to make out again.

One of Dream's hands found itself being placed gently on George's chest, and with a small note of surprise he was slowly being pushed onto his back, Dream leaning forward and following without disconnecting their kiss. Suddenly George found himself flat on his back with Dream gingerly wrapping his hands around his wrist and pinning his hands down to the couch beside his head, Dream's hands switching to press against his palms.

George felt his heart rate pick up and his stomach flutter. Oh, okay, this was new.

Suddenly, Dream was parting from George's lips, and even more suddenly he was leaning in towards George's right ear. George's breathing stalled as Dream inhaled softly and spoke.

“If it gets too much tell me to stop,” Dream quietly said in a low, chill-inducing voice, but before George could ask what he meant by that, Dream had leaned in closer, licking the shell of his ear and nipping gently at his earlobe.

George could feel his soul slip from his body as a strong feeling of pleasure replaced it, involuntarily arching his back some as a gasp escaped from him.

“Dre...” George began to gasp in surprise, but was caught off with a whimper-like noise as Dream pressed his lips against the side of his neck and started to kiss a line down his skin, his breathing beginning to grow heavier.

George began to unconsciously squeeze Dream’s hands as his mouth moved to the junction of his neck and collarbone, and another gasp escaped George as Dream ran his tongue over the spot, the gasp turning into a noise between a grunt and a moan as the lick turned into a suck.

Again George’s back arched, his left leg pulling in towards his stomach, his right leg trapped under Dream’s body, as a powerful shock of pleasurable feelings shot through his nervous system, an uncontrollable groan being coaxed from his throat.

“Dream-” George began to breathlessly call, a sudden, short moan interrupting him as Dream sucked harder at his neck after hearing his name being said. Instinctively his body tried to arch even higher, but the motion was blocked by Dream’s body on top of George, causing the physical action to melt into an audible groan.

Dream took immense pleasure in feeling George arch into him and his mouth faintly felt the vibration of George’s throat as he groaned. He continued to suck at the spot on George’s neck for a couple more moments before separating his mouth from the delicate skin, feeling George shudder from underneath him and shakily exhale.

Dream could barely believe this was happening, as he pressed a gentle kiss to the reddening area and began trailing kisses along George’s jawline, George’s body relaxing from its arched position. George was really here, underneath him, Dream living out the fantasy that normally would leave him startling awake in a cold sweat with an aching heart.

So as pleasurable happiness bloomed outward from his stomach, he decided he would do anything he could to make the moment enjoyable for the both of them.

Dream began to kiss at George’s collarbone, slowly testing for a sweet spot like he did to the right side of George’s neck minutes earlier. As his lips pressed against the start of George’s left collarbone, he heard him inhale a little sharper and his hands begin to tighten its grip on his own hands slightly. Nipping lightly at the area, Dream noted a small shudder erupt over George’s body, and knew he found another hyper-sensitive area. He gave the spot a lick before he began to suck at it, feeling George immediately begin to arch slightly as an almost inaudible grunt fell from his lips, realizing it was more sensitive than the previous spot. Changing tactics slightly, Dream began taking turns between licking and sucking at the area right above George’s collarbone, hyperaware of the soft panting beginning to come from George.

“Dream,” he muttered, and as a reply Dream pulled sharply at the spot before quickly switching to slowly lick it. “Ah!”

When Dream switched back to sucking, George’s body twitched, his hands squeezing onto Dream’s like he was holding on for dear life, his breathing heavying into a rapid pant. “Dr-..Dream!”

Dream increased his attack at George's neck, his body aggressively trying to arch against Dream's front, a loud groan tumbling from deep within his throat. He tried to spill Dream's name from his mouth again but choked on his words as he shuddered, and Dream only stimulated the sensitive spot even more, attempting to coax the words out of him. George's body jolted with a strong twitch.

"Drea-" Dream sucked at his collarbone ever more sharply, cutting George off as he gasped in a rough breath and moaned behind a closed mouth, before passionately yelling out an almost involuntary, "*Clay!*"

Dream's stomach lurched as it was filled with white-hot pleasure, his lips leaving George's skin with a wet sound, breath ghosting over the darkening skin already flushing with a bruise as both of them tried to compose themselves.

"Fuck," George panted breathlessly, his body beginning to relax again. He twitched as Dream sighed against his collarbone. Feeling the twitch, Dream quickly eased his head from that area and leaned towards George's left ear.

"Should I stop?" he asked quietly.

Although George shivered at the question, his quivering answer came with no hesitation. "No, keep going."

Dream quickly gave George ear a slight nibble before asking another question, voice heavy and low. "Feels good?"

"Yes," came a breathless whisper in reply, and the reign on Dream's composure slipped as a warmth overtook him. George was wanting this, wanting *Dream* to do this.

That was all it took to make Dream lose it.

Dream pressed a heated kiss beside George's ear and quickly began kissing down his neck again, George's breathing immediately turning into a light pant as he realized what he was looking for.

Now familiar with the way George's body reacted, Dream was able to easily find another sweet spot between the junction of his neck and ear, and gave the spot a heavy lick before returning to George's ear one final time. "Don't hold back."

"Wh-" George had quietly begun, but was quickly cut off by Dream's left hand letting go of his wrist and coming to cover his mouth. Dream pressed his body closer into George's body to keep him flat against the couch as his mouth came in contact with George's neck and he began to mercilessly attack the new sensitive area, gently tilting his head to the right to expose more of his skin.

A loud, immediate groan was muffled against Dream's hand as George's right hand flew to his wrist and gripped the fabric of his sleeve like a vice, his body trembling as it failed to arch up under Dream. A moan immediately followed the groan, and Dream knew he had found the best sweet spot yet, and subsequently intensified his attack to stimulate the area further.

George began to moan uncontrollably against Dream's hand as the grip on his sleeve tightened aggressively, and as Dream gave his neck a particularly fierce suck, the hand Dream still had pinned suddenly ripped out from under his hold as George moaned incredibly loud and his newly freed hand blindly grabbed at Dream's hair and involuntarily pulled hard at his scalp.

Dream groaned against George's neck at his hair being pulled, the vibration of his mouth causing

George to also groan.

George's groan was followed by another moan, and the hand at Dream's scalp began to rake through his hair and pull at it, Dream softly groaning in response each time, only causing George to moan louder and pull harder at his hair.

When George gave a particularly long moan and pulled very hard at Dream's hair, he knew George was reaching his limit and was reaching a point of sensory overload, and detached his lips from his neck with a harsh noise, George shuddering before slowly relaxing and releasing his grip on Dream's sleeve and hair.

Knowing George wouldn't be able to handle any more, and unsure if he could either, Dream pressed a gently kiss against the corner of George's mouth before pushing himself off of George and sitting up, George remaining on his back to catch his breath, his left hand coming up and resting over his eyes as he panted.

Dream eyed the darkening bruises on George's neck, a keen sense of pride and contentment settling in his as he took a moment to recognize he was the one to cause them and for George to lay on the couch as a breathless mess.

They stayed like that for another minute or two as George's breathing calmed, until he removed his hand from his eyes and slowly sat up, gingerly rubbing at his neck, eyes still slightly unfocused as he looked into Dream's eyes.

"What are we now?" came the sudden question from George.

"I'm not sure," came the calm reply from Dream, "What do you want us to be?"

"What do you want us to be?" George countered with an ask, "You kissed me first."

"I... I want us to be more than friends," Dream softly replied, his face warming with color, "I want to be yours and yours only."

George's expression softened as his cheeks flushed pink, a small huff falling from his mouth as he began to smile softly. "I want to be more than friends too."

A soft smile broke onto Dream's face as both of them were gently filled with happiness, heated emotions being replaced with soft warmth.

"Can I be your boyfriend?" Dream asked, leaning in slightly towards George.

"Idiot," George replied with a breathy laugh, leaning in towards Dream and resting their foreheads together. "You're supposed to ask me if *I* will be *your* boyfriend."

Dream rolled his eyes, smiling. "Okay, fine. George, will you be my boyfriend?"

"Duh, of course I will." George pressed a light kiss against Dream's lips, before the two settled in a peaceful silence, looking at each other with eyes full of love.

"My neck kind of hurts," George randomly commented after a few moments. Dream snorted.

"You'll be okay, the bruises will only last for like, a week."

"A week?" George asked in disbelief, and when Dream began to wheeze lightly he groaned in slight frustration. "I planned to stream tomorrow, now I'll have to keep my webcam off."

“I think it was worth it,” Dream said, and George blushed deeper, his eyes narrowing slightly, huffing. “Aw, don’t look at me like tha-”

The sound of a bowl hitting tiled floor startled both of them, and Dream turned around to see Patches standing on the table, innocently staring at the two of them. A sudden realization struck Dream with horror as George gasped.

“PATCHES, DID YOU KNOCK THE BOWL OF COOKIE DOUGH OFF THE TABLE?!”

End Notes

anyone else burnt into a crisp like me? No?

Ngl, this was the first in-depth make-out I've ever written. Like I have never, in my life, past three years of writing, have ever written a kissing scene so detailed. I hope I did justice and made it realistic and enjoyable to read. With that being said, thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed, and have a great day/night!

Works inspired by this [The Cookie Jar](#) by [orphan_account](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!